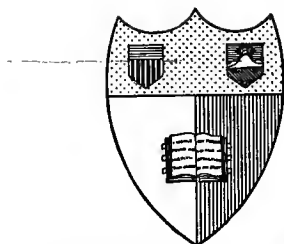


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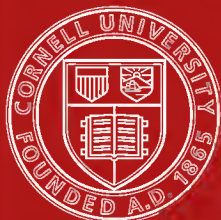
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Henry Sandford Spofford



POEMS.



3

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HENRY SANDFORD SPOFFORD

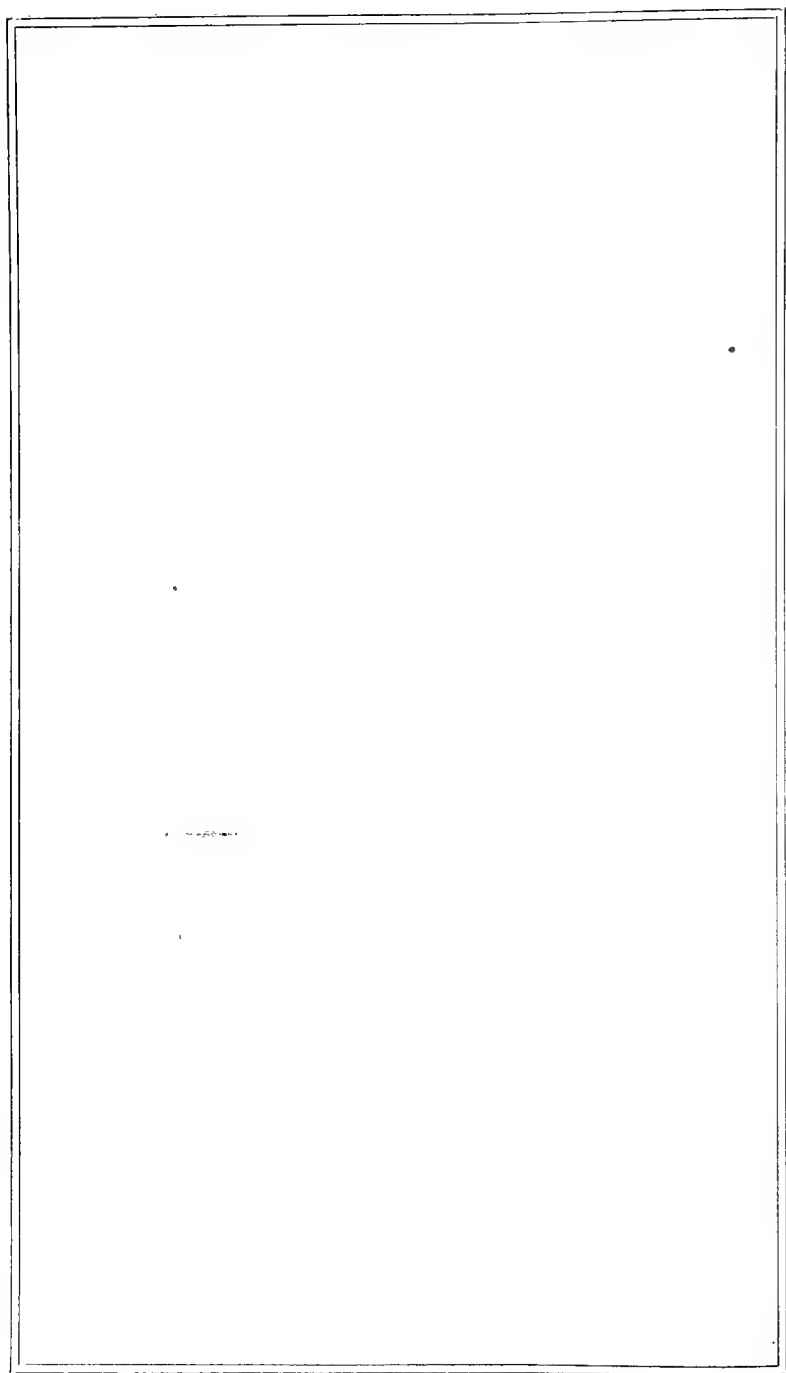
Was born in New York City, January 29th, 1845, and died at Flatbush, October 12th, 1868.

The following poems are selected from a number found after his death in his writing desk. They were written in lead pencil on old envelopes and scraps of paper, evidently dashed off at the moment, without revision, and doubtless without thought in his own mind of their possessing any merit. They were all written while he was a student, and before the age of twenty years. "The Young Hero" was probably his first attempt at rhyme, and was prompted by an intense desire to go to the war, which he reluctantly relinquished at his mother's desire.

SANDFORD was singularly reticent in regard to his writings, and, with a few exceptions, kept them entirely to himself.

These selections are printed just as found, and are published only for friendly eyes ; a mother's loving tribute to the memory of a beloved and gifted child, taken from earth just as life in earnest had begun, but who had begun to live for eternity, while yet a boy. He had given his heart to the Saviour.

Flatbush, January 18th, 1869.



MOTHER.

~~~~~

THOU art an angel spirit, Mother dear !  
In thorny ways my drooping heart to cheer ;  
Thy voice, like angel melody divine,  
Thrills with harmonious chords this soul of mine.

Thou'st ever led me through the paths of youth,  
With sweetest counsel, and with words of truth.  
Below, like thine, was never known such love,  
It has its germ of life in heaven above.

They tell us of the love of man and wife,  
When they, by marriage-bands, are made one life ;  
But what is that to thy dear love for me—  
'Tis as a drop compared to a whole sea.

I love to watch thy sweet and smiling face,  
And on each feature heavenly sunlight trace ;  
I love to hear thy gentle footsteps come  
Like music on the threshold of our home.

Thy loving kindness, to the dear ones passed away  
To realms of noble light, of ever shining day,  
Shall shine, when Heaven's eternal day's begun,  
Touched with a radiance of the unsetting sun.

In childhood's years, how sweet thy watchful care,  
Thou did'st in love each little sorrow share ;

When suffering held me captive in my bed,  
Thou wert a loving angel o'er my head.

Thou art so good, so gentle, and so true,  
Each tear-drop from thine eyes is heavenly dew,—  
Thy love unchanging, evermore the same,  
O, may I always honor thy dear name.

May angels guard thee on thy way,  
And dancing sunbeams 'round thy footsteps play.  
And when night curtains us, O, may we be,  
Mother and son, through all eternity.

---

MY HOME.

---

**N**OW sweet this home, how full of memories dear !  
Oft when I think, I drop the silent tear,  
For days gone by.

Days when a sister's sweet and tender voice  
Made hearts in sympathy and love rejoice,  
Now birds sing days to rest, with songs so sweet,  
I hear the coming of those heavenly feet.

Comes back to me that face, comes back that form,  
Sunlight her countenance, no shade of storm

On that fair brow.

Hark ! 'tis her gentle step enters the door,  
Saddened my bounding heart, saddened and sore ;  
'Twill never come again, no never more,  
Till time shall pass away—earth be no more.

But there's another link rent from our chain,  
Sadly and mournfully broken in twain,  
Broken in pain.

A father is absent, no father's kind face  
Will evermore come in that sad, vacant place,  
As the sun in dim twilight falls sadly away,  
He fell in Death's darkness, his morrow was day.

Dear Mother ! I think of thy kindness and love,  
How oft have I tried thee—thy patience to prove,  
Thee sorrow have caused.

Oh ! how thou hast led me through dangers and  
snares,

Despite thy sore troubles—thy multiplied cares,  
Thou hast been to me ever, a lamp and a guide,  
As the billows have carried me fast o'er the tide.

Thy gentleness, kindness to those passed away  
To the realms of a brighter and far better day,  
Forever will shine.

Kind actions will live, when the earth shall decay,  
When the stars turn to chaos, to dust fall away ;  
Kind actions, like Spring, shall with beauty in-  
crease,

Till the summer of Heaven shall bring fruits of  
peace.

Oh ! what would life be without blessings of home,  
A mighty Sahara—a desert to roam,  
Full of quicksands and storms.

Oh ! pity the orphans, who never have known,  
This spot of sweet memories, the blessings of  
home,

Where no loving father, no mother's sweet voice  
Comes through life's shadows to make them  
rejoice.

Oh ! may we so live through life's darkness and  
gloom,  
That when life shall be o'er, and the shades of the  
tomb

                    Their shadows shall cast,  
That we all may be there, where the links of our  
chain,  
Though broken in sorrow, though parted in pain,  
Have been forged, by our Lord, to the chain of  
his might,  
Which shines bright in the sunbeams of heavenly  
light.

Home ! blessed thought, when life's short day is  
o'er

We may reach home at last, that silvery shore  
                    No billows around.


Oh ! there may our band be united again,  
No partings, no rendings, no sorrow, no pain,  
But we sing with the thought, there's parting no  
more,

Home safely at last, on that bright golden shore.



## THE BELL.

*“Thoughts Suggested by the Tolling of a Distant Bell.”*

 HEAR the ringing of the distant bell, its solemn  
sound  
Touches a sacred chord within me—makes it  
bound.

What is there in the tolling of the far-off bell  
That wakes my dreamy soul to thought ? I cannot  
tell.

It brings before me once again the memories of  
youth,

Past days of joy, of golden hopes, of simpleness  
and truth

I think it is, that sounds throughout our life's re-  
main,

Through boyhood's day, through manhood's prime,  
through age the same.

It seems to touch my inmost soul—my drooping  
spirit lives—

It strikes my ear with softest sound, and sweetest  
music gives.

Sweet bell ! thy tones of holiest sound shall bless  
me on my way,

And to my mind, in sorrow's night, bring memo-  
ry's golden ray.

Then peal aloud thy solemn tones, and to me  
bring again

Past days of happiness and joy, but banish every  
pain ;

And let me in the great past live, and in the great  
past walk,  
And with the loved ones of the past in sweetest  
music talk.

It brings before me once again the faces of the  
Past,  
Around each loved and sainted form a sacred  
halo casts.

I hear them in the floating tones of hallowed  
music sing,

I see them crowns of flowers, that are eternal,  
bring.

They walk with us again, e'en now are with us  
here,

A radiant light in darkness, in our danger's night  
to cheer.

They seem to speak to us once more, and sweetest  
comfort bring,

Within the inmost soul they dwell, an ever-living  
spring.

In memory I go to school, and skip upon the  
green,

The faces of my school-mates, with their happy  
smiles are seen.

But now, alas! how many lie beneath the bright  
green turf,

Perhaps that some have found their rest 'neath  
ocean's mighty surf.

I know of one I loved full well, who in the far  
South fell,

Pierced by a deadly bullet. Never can I rightly  
tell



The feeling that arose within me when the news  
was brought  
That he had passed through Death's great door—  
his fight had fought.

'Twas in the City of Savannah where he sadly  
fell ;  
'Twas in the first great year of strife, when traitors  
strove to tell  
To the great world their trembling power, and  
ever waning might,  
By doing fearful deeds of wrong, and burying deep  
the right.  
When they pulled down our glorious flag that  
floated 'neath the sky,  
That youthful hero's heart was sad, and full of  
tears his eyes.  
He loved his flag, he loved his God, and then he  
loved me too,  
And to his memory may I ever, evermore prove  
true.

Perhaps the thoughtless, dreamless soul may  
think there is not much  
Of sacred sound within thy tones our inmost  
chords to touch,  
But so it is, that on our way God sends these  
simple things  
To bring before us days gone by, from which fond  
memories spring.  
Then to my soul bring peace and hope, and speak  
with fondest love,  
And in thy gentle murmurings breath "there is a  
God above."

And ever when upon life's plains thy distant sounds  
 I hear;  
 Methinks I'll stop and sadly muse and drop the  
 silent tear.

The bell has stopped, and once again my wand'r-  
 ing thoughts have come  
 Back to the region of their rest, my weary brain  
 at home.

Oh ! may we battle, dearest Lord, this ever chang-  
 ing life

With hero firmness, and force with manliness each  
 strife.

May we act a worthy part in life's exciting play,  
 Nor be "nonentities" among the actors of to-day.  
 And when the bell of life shall toll the spirit far  
 away,

May morning gild the rising soul with beams of  
 heavenly day.

## DEATH AT SUNSET.



MOTHER ! I'm growing weary now,  
 Night's coming shadows wreath my brow.  
 I'm going home—  
 Home, where my sorrows shall be o'er,  
 That vision-land be mist no more,  
 But clear as summer day.

Oh ! turn my head toward the West,  
 That once again the sun at rest  
 Mine eyes shall view.

See ! how the sky is decked with light,  
The sunset hills with splendor bright,  
Earth's shadows quickly fall.

Oh, Saviour ! on thy loving breast  
Receive this head in peaceful rest,  
Thoughtless no more.  
For, through the shadowy stream I see  
That land of Spring, from Winter free,  
That land so pure and bright.

I hear those choristers divine,  
I hearing have, that is not mine,  
To sounds of earth.  
Shout ! shout ! ye palm crowned host ; I hear  
Your shouts of triumph reach my ear ;  
Was e'er such chorus heard ?

The light departs, I cannot see ;  
The shadows of this world by me  
Are dimly seen.  
Give wings ! give space ! oh, let me fly !  
Far, far above yon fading sky,  
To worlds where peace is found.

Open the window ! give me air !  
I cannot breath, there's something here  
Upon my heart.  
A gentle spasm, then Death's dart,  
Struck with a sting that beating heart,  
So soon to cease its throb.


Just as the sun went down in West,  
Another angel born to rest,  
Was crowned with light—

Light that shall never fade away,  
Eternal as eternal day,  
The light of heaven itself.

---

SUNSET IN AUTUMN.

---

ILENTLY the fading sun in beauty knits his web  
Of golden light around sweet Nature's verge ;  
Mournfully the birds in notes of deepest sadness  
Seem to utter forth the twilight's dying dirge ;  
Silently I see the sun go down in beds  
Of light among the gorgeous western hills ;  
Mournfully the woods are filled with sounds of  
sorrow,  
Issuing from the last expiring groans of running  
rills.

Silently the trees in softest breezes seem to  
Whisper forth their sadness for the dying day ;  
Mournfully they drop their leaves, as tears  
In sorrow, for they know their robes will soon  
decay ;  
Silently the flowers that once were joyous  
Droop their heads, and in their musings faintly  
sigh ;  
Mournfully they speak of days that once were  
happy,  
Now they know they're past, forever more  
gone by.

Silently the clouds—those beds of light, ethereal  
matter—

O'er us float, tinged by the sunset's last expiring  
ray ;

Mournfully they cast their shadows o'er the earth  
In sadness at the thought of Nature's quick decay ;  
Silently night throws her robe of deepest drapery  
Around the earth, and nails it with the stars on  
high ;

Mournfully I drop mine eyes to earth,  
And think, and think again, and faintly sigh.

Silently night spreads her milky way of majesty,  
And weaves it 'round about this far off darkened  
earth ;

Joyfully she fixes stars as guards and sentries,  
That their eyes might be as watchmen to us in  
their twinkling mirth ;

Silently these sentries cast their beams of light  
before her,

As she draws her chariot on yon heavenly milky  
way ;


Thoughtfully she sends forth shooting stars, as  
rockets

At the far off coming of her powerful adversary,  
Day.

---

## MY SHIP.

---


 IS winter cold, my life's a ship,  
 With colors at the mast,  
 With tatter'd sails the waves I cleave,  
 My hull like sheety glass.  
 The sun in west is sinking fast  
 'Tis falling in the sea ;

The rolling waves their shadows, cast—  
The night is covering me.  
How when I launch'd me on this voyage,  
Sail'd from the port of birth,  
And sped through harbor into sea  
I danced the wave with mirth ;  
And when I reached the open waste,  
I little thought I'd be—  
A shattered hull, tossed by the winds  
Upon this stormy sea.

Once was this sea with dancing beam  
Lit by the mid-day light,  
The waters glistened in the sun,  
I little thought of night ;  
I little feared the threat'ning storms  
Which gathered in the sky,  
I only thought they'd float through space,  
And gently pass me by.

They quickly came upon my ship  
Torn with the rending gales ;  
They struck my hull with lightning flash,  
And strip't in rags my sails.  
The waves rolled up in watery mounts,  
I almost had gone down,  
The sky was low'ring, dark o'erhead,  
In scornful, dismal frown.

I weathered it—I'm still afloat,  
My colors still are bright !  
Keep up my little ship ; and reach  
The distant port of light !  
Though shattered, shook in every seam,

---


You still can reach the shore,  
Where angry waves, can never toss,  
Nor moaning billows roar.

Once summer breezes filled my wings,  
And carried me along ;  
My heart, the captain of the ship,  
Sang in a merry song,  
But Æolus now, his sceptre sways,  
The wintry storms run high,  
And chilling winds drive me along,  
Cleaving the wintry sky.

Yes, night her mantle quickly weaves,  
The sky is almost dead ;  
But see ! A light beams far away  
And paints the sea with red,  
That lights my hope upon this sea,  
It stands upon the bay,  
That, tranquil as the twilight hour,  
Leads to the city Day.

The night will pass, the red-tint dawn,  
Shall gild the coming day ;  
The beams of light with fire-tip't darts  
Shall drive the shades away.  
Life's ocean crossed, the port in sight,  
The storms shall cease their roar ;  
Then anchor safe my little ship,  
Calm weather evermore !

## AT NEWPORT.

 I STOOD upon old Newport's shore  
I heard the billows 'round me roar,  
My mind was still'd in thought.  
My face was kissed with foaming spray,  
The waves, in murmuring's seemed to say—  
What wonders God hath wrought.

I east mine eyes far out to sea  
Old ocean, groaning, spoke to me  
Of his vast magnitude.  
'Twas not a voice of human sound,  
That touched mine ear, bound after bound,  
In the great solitude.

The waves were dressed in regal blue,  
Their heads were cap't with purest hue  
Of spotless, pearly white.  
The sun their white heads blessed with light,  
He flashed, and struck their blue with might,  
It touched my soul, the sight.

I looked again, far from the beach,  
No rock-bound coast the eye could reach—  
'Twas one expanseless waste.  
A ship was striving with the waves,  
They fought it like ten thousand braves,  
And drove it in their haste.

Thus, on Life's mighty sea we roam,  
Just like this ship : far from our home—  
The snow-white spotless shore.  
There tempests ne'er shall beat the soul,  
There billows ne'er shall 'round us roll,  
But peace forevermore.



"HYMN OF THE BIRDS."

---



WHEN summer beauty paints the earth  
With budding germ and hillside mirth,  
When flowrets smile toward the skies,  
And gently breath in perfumed sighs ;  
The birds in sonnets sweet proclaim,  
God paints our plumage—praise His name !

When summer morning lips the day,  
And midnight shades have passed away,  
When twinkling stars have closed their eyes,  
And sunbeams flash the eastern skies ;  
The birds in warblings loud proclaim,  
He tunes our voices—bless His name !

Then 'neath the mid-day's burning sun,  
When o'er our heads its flash is hung,  
Refreshing laughs the hill-side stream,  
Made clearer by the fiery gleam,  
The birds again with joy proclaim,  
We gently sing our Maker's name !

And when the shades grow tall from West  
And shroud the sun in dying rest,  
How sweet the hallowed moments are,  
When evening sets her jewelled star ;  
The birds in ling'ring notes proclaim ;  
Glory to God, we praise His name !

Thou do'st our Father, gently keep  
The little songsters while they sleep,  
And when the East grows pale with light,  
When coming sunbeams rout the night,  
The birds in waking songs proclaim,  
He guardeth us, we'll praise His name !

## REFLECTIONS.

---

**N**OW wonderful Thy grace, Oh Lord ! how wonderful Thy power,  
Open thy heavens now, and pour upon us a rich shower  
Of Thy Great Spirit, heavenly sound, it cometh from above,  
'Tis but a portion of Thy name ; Thy Sovereign name is Love.

Whene'er I contemplate Christ's death, amazement fills my heart,  
In mercy then did He descend, in wondrous love depart.  
From Thy right hand, that regal throne, where He did reign with Thee,  
For us He lived, for us He died, that we might reign with Thee.

In sorrow here He walked, men little thought His might  
Would be revealed to them at last, when in their dreadful fright  
They will cry out : " Fall on us now, ye mighty rocks and stones !  
Annihilate us if ye will, to powder grind our bones !"

How on the raging waters, the long-sought light appears,  
To the storm-driven mariner ; how vanish all his fears,

When once again the great sea crossed, his ves-  
sel lies at rest,

When once again received, she floats upon the  
harbor's breast.

So on Life's surging billows, the beacon-light of  
heaven,

To the storm-driven Christian to guide him on  
is given,

Till evermore, Life's ocean past, his soul shall  
be at rest,

Forevermore shall praise the Lord, no care with-  
in his breast.

How on the sandy desert, the traveller's heart  
does bound,

When welcome news his guides do bring, "an  
oasis is found,"

He feasts his eye upon the spot so beautifully  
green,

And after quenching well his thirst, he leaves the  
joyous scene.

So on Life's mighty desert, the Christian's heart  
is sad,

When viewing o'er the barren waste, no pros-  
pect makes him glad,

When all at once the eye of faith discerns the  
living green,

His heart cries out in joyous tones, God's oasis  
is seen.

Hope is the oasis God gives to weary ones be-  
low,

That on the mighty desert they may his mercy  
know,

Though all the sands of Life surround, Hope in  
its living green,  
O ! bless the Lord ! my life, I cry, that Hope  
sheds such a beam.

Beam, that shall pour its heaven-born rays upon  
our darkened path,  
Beam, that shall lead us through life's way, pre-  
serve us from God's wrath,  
And when at last our eyes, in fear, we to the  
Lord shall raise,  
We'll find that Hope's a blessed seed, that  
bloometh into praise.

---

CLOUDS.

---

**A**S I sit in my bedroom window,  
I watch the fleeting clouds ;  
Now they're snowy white, now golden,  
Now they're dark as funeral shrouds,  
Now they fly with the speed of an arrow,  
Now they float at a gentle pace,  
Now they're frowning, now rejoicing  
With sweet smiles upon their face.

One moment they seem like castles  
That dot the distant sky ;  
Another, they seem like flames of light,  
Reaching to worlds on high ;  
Now they're dark as rebel dungeons,  
Where the captive's life is run ;  
Now they're plains of heavenly ether,  
Gilded by the golden sun.

A storm in the west approaches—  
The clouds are arrayed for fight ;  
See ! they're frowning in the distance,  
For their eyes with wrathful light  
Are sending forth their anger,  
Are flashing forth their spite,  
And, in tones of deepest thunder,  
They proclaim aloud their might.

The clouds are weeping above us,  
They feel saddened for the earth ;  
The tears they shed upon it  
Will bless the bright green turf ;  
And flowers shall raise their drooping heads  
Toward those clouds above,  
And drink their precious drops and sigh—  
“ We drink thy tears in love.”

But the storm flies quickly o'er us ;  
I rejoice, with a murmured prayer,  
That the sky is once more joyous,  
For no saddened cloud floats there ;  
But the sun comes out in his glory,  
And gildeth the ethereal clouds ;  
For they're risen from death and darkness,  
And cast off their funeral shrouds.

As I sit in my heart's lone window,  
I watch life's changing light ;  
Now shadows appear in the distance,  
As dark as the deepest night,  
As God sendeth his love like sunshine,  
And it drives far from us our fears,  
And it falls on the heart with its gladness,  
And our drooping spirit cheers.

## A U T U M N .

---

**A**UTUMN cometh, cometh, cometh,  
At a slow and solemn pace ;  
Soon the glories of the summer  
Will have run their joyous race ;  
Now the leaves are growing older,  
Now they're fading, falling fast ;  
Soon their hues, so soft and golden,  
For the dust of earth will pass.

Yes, the trees, they must feel saddened  
As they see their hopes decay,  
And their dress of regal beauty  
Fall so solemnly away ;  
Oh, how soon they lose their glory ;  
How soon their blossoming flower,  
For the northern winds will quickly rend  
Them of their tottering power.

The flowers are pining sadly,  
And methinks I hear them sigh ;  
For they feel so very inournful,  
That they're born so soon to die ;  
For they've seen their friends and sisters  
Droop, and die off one by one ;  
And they know their lives will soon be past,  
And the cold wind of Death will come.

And the stream, it sounds so lonely,  
As it winds its distant way,  
Through dying woods and meadows,  
And in sadness, seems to say—

"Once, gay and merry was I,  
And I ran with a joyous bound ;  
But soon old Winter will cover my head,  
When no more I sweet music can sound."

Yet it makes my heart feel joyous,  
To feel that when Winter has gone,  
Sweet Summer will rise from the bed of death,  
And her beautiful garments don ;  
Then her head will be decked with the garlands  
of earth,  
And sweet flowers shall come forth and bloom ;  
And the birds, in their notes of rejoicing,  
shall sing  
" The Summer is Raised from her Tomb."

Oh, ye who behold dying Nature at rest,  
And see her fall sadly away,  
Remember your life, like the past Summer is,  
Like its beauties, will droop and decay ;  
May you rise after death as the summer will  
rise,  
With garlands and choice flowers crowned,  
That angels, in songs of rejoicing, may sing  
" Another companion is found."

---

" LITTLE JIM."

---

THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside old  
and mean,  
Yet everything within that cot was wondrous  
neat and clean ;

The night was dark and stormy, the wind was  
howling wild,  
A patient mother watched beside the death-bed  
of her child—  
A little worn-out creature—his once bright eyes  
grown dim ;  
It was the collier's wife and child—they called  
him " Little Jim."

And O ! to see the briny tears fast hurrying  
down her cheek,  
As she offered up a prayer in thought—she was  
afraid to speak  
Lest she might 'waken one she loved, far better  
than her life,  
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor  
collier's wife,  
With hands uplifted, see ! she kneels beside the  
sufferer's bed,  
And prays that He will spare her boy and take  
herself instead.


She gets her answer from the child—soft fall  
these words from him,  
" Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon  
" Little Jim ;"  
I have no pain dear mother, now, but O, I am  
so dry—  
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and mother,  
don't ye cry,"  
With gentle trembling haste she held a teacup  
to his lips ;  
He smiled to thank her as he took three little,  
tiny sips—



“ Tell father, when he comes from work, I said  
good night to him ;  
“ And mother, now I’ll go to sleep,” alas ! poor  
“ Little Jim.”

She saw that he was dying—that the child she  
loved so dear  
Had uttered the last words that she might ever  
hope to hear ;  
The cottage door is opened—the collier’s step  
is heard—  
The father and the mother meet, but neither  
speak a word.  
He felt that all was over—he knew his child  
was dead ;  
He took the candle in his hand, and walked to-  
ward the bed ;  
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he’d  
fain conceal—  
And see ! his wife has joined him—the stricken  
couple kneel ;  
With hearts bowed down with sadness, they  
humbly ask of Him,  
In Heaven once more to meet again their own  
poor “ Little Jim.”

TO MY FRIEND.

HEN in moments of solitude, moments of rest,  
When the cares of this world are remote from  
my breast,  
Then I think of thee, friend, and I feel thou  
art near,

To speak to me comfort, my spirits to cheer.  
For though space may divide us, my heart is  
the same,  
To the friendship that binds us, that bright golden chain ;  
Bles't chain ! may we now and forevermore  
prove  
That its links have been forged by the power of  
love.

In my heart there's a light that shines brightly  
for thee ;  
Its oil I replenish, nor eye ere can see  
Its beauty and power, yet its gorgeously bright,  
And it gildeth my heart with its soft silver  
light.

O ! Let it burn on, may it evermore be,  
As a sunbeam, to shine on life's shadowy sea,  
To guide us when rocks in our pathway arise,  
And be to our hearts as the sun in the skies.

In my heart there's a flower, I ne'er can express  
The feeling of hope it excites in my breast,  
When I look at its beauty, its blossoming  
power,  
For it grows in the heart, and is strengthened  
each hour;  
For though flowers of earth, all may droop and  
decay,  
This flower grows sweeter and brightier each  
day ;  
'Tis the flower of friendship, we must ever be  
true  
To its fragrance, its beauty, its soft golden hue.

In my heart there's a stream that runs onward  
toward thee,  
'Tis the stream of rejoicing, of sweet sympathy,  
It is bordered with banks of bright radiance and  
peace,  
And I pray that its force may forever increase.  
O ! Let it run on through the great land of  
time,  
May it never be checked, no impediment find,  
Though the shadows of night may be cast in  
the way,  
May its waters be kissed with the sunlight of day.

I've seen many friendships that seem like the  
year,  
A season of Summer, then Winter so drear,  
But our's is tried to each season I find,  
And no winter can drive it away from the mind.  
Our friendship's unchangable, not like this life,  
One moment sweet peace and another fierce  
strife,  
But 'tis fixed like a rock, may it ever remain,  
Through sunlight and shadow forever the same.

---

HYMN.

**D**EAR Father ! hear us when to Thee we pray,  
And in thy mercy, smooth Life's rugged way,  
When unto Thee in our great sorrows call,  
Hear us, O Lord ! our Hope ! our Strength !  
our All !

How can we come to Thee in love aright,  
These souls so dark with struggling in the fight.  
Yet Faith with golden beam shall shed its ray,  
And make the darkness seem like gorgeous day.

Like flowrets sweet, Thy blessings crown our  
heads,  
In smiles of love, Thine angels guard our beds ;  
If on Life's way, or in the arms of sleep,  
Wil't Thou our souls in love and mercy keep ?

May truth and love within our hearts be found,  
Mercy and charity, bright gems, abound,  
Hang out Thy promise rain-bow in Life's sky,  
And on it fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

May we, like soldiers in Life's conflict, prove  
That we will stand for Thee, will gain Thy  
love,


Like soldiers, battling for the right, may we  
Fight with our feeble strength, dear Lord, for  
Thee.

Wil't Thou to us the victor's laurel give,  
And may we through the great Eternal live.  
But cast thine eye upon us once again,  
And we will battle fearless of the pain.



## A FEW QUESTIONS.

---

HO formed the earth and beauteous sky,  
Who fixed those orbs of light on high,  
I hear my heart with rapture sigh,  
The Lord.

Who out of chaos brought forth light,  
Who made the sun with beams so bright,  
That men cannot behold its sight,  
The Lord.

Who did create all creeping things,  
The woods, the forests, and the springs,  
And out of nature beauty brings,  
The Lord.

Who formed the earth, who guides our ways,  
Who gilds our paths with joyous rays,  
And turns rejoicing into praise,  
The Lord.

Who to our souls speaks words of love,  
Who makes us all his will approve,  
And smiles upon us from above,  
The Lord.

Who, to my heart in terror's night,  
Brings peace and joy and morning light,  
When I am wrong, sets me aright !  
The Lord.

Dear Lord ! To Thee we'll ever cry,  
Thou art my strength, our hope on high,  
And for Thy truth our souls will sigh,  
Dear Lord !

## THE YOUNG HERO.

---

WAS in the year of "eighteen sixty-one,"  
When the mid-night of treason had almost begun

To blot out the sun of our national life,  
And befog the pure air with the traitor's foul  
blight.

Columbia sat in her great arm-chair,  
Entwining the locks of her golden hair,  
'Round her figure, that trembled with conflicts  
and fears.

How heavy her sighs! how unnumbered her  
tears!

Sighs! tears! for the dead, the wounded, the  
dying,

Who in dark rebel dungeons, and hospitals  
lying,

Hoped! prayed that her strength, she might  
quickly regain,

That her conflicts might cease, disappear all her  
pain,

How they thought of the dear ones in homes far  
away,

How they longed, that again one word, they  
might say

Of comfort, to mother, to sister, to love,  
O Lord in thy mercy protect from above!

Enough have I seen of Columbia's sorrow,  
O, Father in Heaven may each deepened fur-  
row,

From her fair brow be banished, be driven away,  
May the day-star of peace soon bring that bright  
day,  
When once, once again, her distresses all passed,  
Her conflicts, her terrors, her fears she will cast  
On the shoulders of Him, who her burdens can  
bear,  
For a million tried freemen His comfort may  
share.

I left her, I wandered through life's mighty way,  
I thought of the darkness, I prayed that a ray  
Might fall on the path of our national life,  
So darkened with sorrow, with anguish and  
strife,

I wandered through city, through village and  
dale,

I was driven by tempest, I was tossed by the  
gale,

Till at last almost famished, with sorrow nigh  
dead,

I stopped at a cottage to beg for my bread.

The cottage lay smiling amidst the bright hills,  
So golden with autumn, where the noise of the  
rills,

Made music refreshing, so soft on my ear,  
That my sorrow was driven away with a tear ;  
A tear, for the home, where in youth I was  
blessed,

With a life amidst roses, no care on my breast,  
Oh, the memories of youth ! how they haunt me  
again !

The village, the schoolhouse, the hillside, and  
plain.

I quench thoughts within me, I raise up mine  
eyes

To the glories of earth, to the beauteous skies,  
How calm is the landscape, how glorious the  
sight,

For the trees with their great lungs, are whisper-  
ing God's might,

In the breezes they speak of God's greatness  
and power,

"He fanneth our warm heads, He sendeth the  
shower

That maketh us multiply, maketh us reign,  
The queens of the forest, unfettered by pain."

Yes! look thou upon us, and see our bright  
smile,

No care, and no thought our sweet moments  
beguile,

We hear not the cry of the dying, the dead,  
That in Southern forests their hearts-blood have  
shed,

We've heard of the saying, that much doth  
abound,

"Uneasy the monarch that weareth a crown,"

Your monarch of empire, uneasy may be,

"But the leaves are our crowns, and our heads  
they are free."

Mine eyes from the forest I joyfully raise,

Mine heart it is full of devotion and praise,

I am not alone in my outburst of love,

For a thousand sweet voices are raising above,

Their notes so seraphic, God's choir they are,



For from morning to night they proclaim from  
afar,  
With their sweet little voices, "The Lord is  
the same,  
O'er poor birds of the forest He ever doth  
reign."

But stop ! I must onward, enough 'tis to say,  
That the scene is symbolic of Life's future day,  
The cottage doors open, I'm welcome at last,  
To the board of the humble, their modest  
repast ;

The household consists of a mother and son,  
That have lived in sweet unity since life begun,  
The mother's sweet face and white silvery hairs,  
Might entertain angels that came unawares.

But where was the Father ! presumption doth  
ask ;

He had fought a good fight, he had finished his  
task,

In the old village churchyard, far down in the  
vale,

His ashes repose, 'mid the tempest and gale.

His white hoary hairs once the household did  
bless,

But now he was gone to the land of his rest ;

A patriot was he, a patriot bold,

He had fought in the war with Britannia of old.

His dying command to his wife he had given,

To train up their son for the blessings of  
heaven ;

To make him a patriot, make him to love,

His land 'with a true heart, and ever to prove  
That love with his might, with his right hand to  
strike,

For her dignity, honor, her truth and her right.  
Dear son ! thou can'st never thy father forget,  
Though his course it is run, and his life it is set.

When I entered, the mother was bathed in her  
tears,

I asked her the trouble, she said " that her years  
Were waning to sunset, that soon they would  
close,

In the land of her fathers she soon would  
repose."

She said that her son was the only true friend  
She ever had had, and how could she send  
Him forth to the conflict that raged in our land,  
Yet his father had offered his own precious hand.  
I told her to ask God to give her his light,  
That she might, through the true faith, obtain a  
blessed sight

Of his gracious face, so beaming with love,  
That one ray from his sunshine would make her  
approve

His will, whatsoever decision might reign,  
Whether sunlight, or darkness, whether sorrow,  
or pain,

For the Lord's always just, the Lord's always  
right,

He guards us from danger, and makes darkness  
light.

The son he was handsome, he was gentle and  
kind,

In peace like the lamb, in fierce war like the  
wind  
That sweeps with a hurricane through torrid  
zones ;  
His voice, like sweet music, had deep thunder  
tones ;  
His love for his country was fervent and strong,  
Had praised her, had prayed for her, hoped that  
ere long  
His arm against traitor for freedom would raise,  
On her altar he'd offer his heart's truest praise.

Yet I know, dearest hearer, you may ask me,  
Oh, why  
Did he not to the conflict then hasten to die !  
I'll tell you, dear friend, 'twas the magic of love  
That bound him to mother, each affection above.  
Had mother once wished to the son that he'd go  
Forth to fight with our patriots, well do I know  
That his heart would have leaped with the rap-  
ture of joy,  
And his love for our land would have known no  
alloy.

The mother oft thought 'twas her duty to say,  
"Go forth, dearest son, go forth to the fray,"  
For she knew that the mothers throughout our  
broad land  
Had offered their sons, and had ply'd the right  
hand  
For their comfort, while fighting, with faith, for  
the right ;  
I say, from the heart, 'tis a beautiful sight,

So golden that chord of sweet sympathy runs  
From the soldiers in battle, to far, peaceful homes.

Oh ! could I, dear friend, Oh ! could I express  
The doubts and the conflicts, the fears and dis-  
tress

That mothers experience for sons far away,  
You would open your heart, and in faith you  
would pray,

“Oh ! God, in thy mercy, may war quickly  
cease,

May rebellion fall rightly, grant to us peace,  
Peace, founded on unity, justice and right,  
May the lamp of our land, not bedimmed, shed its  
light.”

May its rays o'er lands distant in radiance be  
shed,

Our land above others in pride raise her head ;  
To those nations, who trembling, pray we may  
fall,

Oh, send, we beseech thee, the mightiest squall  
Of judgment divine ; may the winds fairly rend  
The sails of their power, on them wilt thou  
send—

But no, we would pray even them Thou would'st  
bless,

Though they're slavery's friends, and the poor  
would oppress.

But stop ! I'm digressing, I was musing, I say  
On the rocks that are set in our national way ;  
But now I my thoughts have collected again,

And my mind is relieved from the burden of  
pain,  
For upon raising mine eyes to the mother, I see  
That her mind from the conflict of duty is free.  
She has prayed to the Father, to her strength he  
did lend,  
To the conflict of freedom her son she will send.

The mother, her eyes to her son she did raise,  
He smiled when he looked on the parent's sweet  
gaze,  
She, in outbursts of joy, for no trouble oppressed,  
Her son in the music of love did address :  
My dear, since foul treason first arose in our  
land,  
Thou hast ever been anxious, undaunted to stand  
For the rights of our country, her freedom, her  
peace,  
And now from anxiety thee I release.

Thou know'st, my dearest, thou know'st, that I  
Must soon with the dust of my forefathers lie ;  
Long, long did I hesitate whether to send  
Thee forth to the conflict, thy mother's lone  
friend,  
Until to our door this old patriot came,  
So aged with time, so hungry and lame.  
I told him my trouble, he asked me to pray  
To my Father to drive the great darkness away.

I told God my sorrow, I asked him to show  
The way that my duty should prompt me to go ;  
The answer, in mercy, soon came from above,

“To the call of the land send thy son forth in  
love ;”

Enough 'tis for mother to know that the Lord  
Would have her dear son wield for freedom the  
sword

Against traitors, that mighty unprincipled band,  
Who the poor would enslave in our far-reaching  
land.

And now, dearest offspring, no more can I say,  
But to God, in yon heaven, I ever will pray  
From temptation he'll guard thee, from dangers  
in camp,

On the field of fierce strife, or the long weary  
tramp ;

And ever remember what thy mother has told  
Thee of Him, who for thee, lived and suffered  
of old.

May thy mother's kind precepts be ever to thee  
As the lighthouse to heaven on life's stormy sea.

The son felt much sadness arise in his heart,  
How could he from mother in joyfulness part ;  
But he thought of his duty, the call of his land,  
And in tones of sweet music his voice trembling  
ran :

“Dear mother, I love thee, no tongue can express  
The feelings of joy that arise in my breast,  
When I think of thy goodness, how well do I  
know

Thou has't led me in mercy through life's path  
below.

Perhaps I have caused thee much sorrow, and  
care,

Perhaps I have caused thee anxiety, there  
In thy bosom, so bursting with love for thy son,  
Since the day I was born, life's great race-course  
to run ;

Kind mother, thou wilt join hand with God  
once again,

Though dangers assail thee, He will thee defend  
From whatever of trouble may lie in thy way,  
While the bright star from heaven shall shed its  
bright ray.

When I think of thy kindness, how tender and  
mild

Thou did'st lead me when wandering, a weak,  
erring child,

When dangers assailed me thou ever wert near,  
To guide me in darkness, in sorrow to cheer.

Dear mother, the voices of memory recall,  
Thou wert kind to the poor, to the sick thou  
wert all

Of kindness, compassion, of goodness and love,  
There's a God that rewards gentle acts, up  
above.

Thou wilt weather, protected, the storm and the  
gale,

Though tempest and dangers thy bark may as-  
sail,

Thou must ever remember, the sunlight of  
heaven

To barks, on life's storm-driven ocean is given.

And when the great ocean of Life shall be past,  
In the harbor of Heaven thou wilt anchor at last.  
Blessed harbor ! no ripple shall wrinkle its face,  
For the shores of Eternity, line the calm place.

May God spare thee mother, a long life to live,  
May he guide thee from sorrow, and happiness  
give,

Is the prayer of thy son, and forever will be,  
Till at last in yon Heaven, his glory thou'lt see.  
But stop—we are weary, let us rest now our  
heads,

Through this night may sweet angels be guard-  
ing our beds,

On the morrow, when morning first casteth her  
ray,

I must with my comrades be marching away.

The morning did come, though the night seemed  
like years

To that mother so bathed in her anguish and  
tears ;

For she thought how affection had governed her  
son,

Since the day that his life on this earth was be-  
gun ;

But the time now arrived for the parting good-  
byes,

How burdened their hearts, full of tears were  
their eyes,

'Twas hard for the mother to see him depart,  
She had twined 'round about him the fondest of  
hearts :

\* \* \* \* \*



Twas just fourteen months later, the year about  
to close,  
When in Western Virginia, 'midst the sheet-  
winding snows,  
A picket was tramping, far down in a vale,  
As a shelter from storm, and the fierce beating  
gale.  
A rifle was heard in the distance to crack,  
And the picket was seen quickly fall on his  
back,  
A surgeon ran up to him, saddened he said,  
"Our comrade of many a contest is dead."

The camp on a hill-side not far distant lay,  
Each member within it was saddened that day,  
Not so much from grim death, for oftimes before  
Had he opened before them his terrible jaw.  
But they felt that the dearest of brothers had  
died  
As before them the corpse of the picket they  
spied ;  
For, from purest affection he fought, they  
believed,  
And now had the crown of the faithful received.

But who is this picket ? an answer now comes,  
'Twas our young noble hero, who left his far  
home,  
Where his mother in sadness with him last did  
part,  
'Mid the parting good-bye's and the achings of  
heart.  
His comrades they searched him, they searched  
him to find

If a word he had left, if not even a line  
He had penned for his dear friends, but nothing  
was found  
Save a picture of mother, with gray locks around.

But hark ! what is it that sounds on my ear,  
Behold, in the distance the soldiers appear,  
In mournful procession, they carry the dead,  
A crown that's invisible trimming his head.  
In sadness they take him and lay him to rest,  
The sword he had fought with they placed on  
his breast ;  
They cover him up, 'mid their troubles and  
fears,  
'Mid the sorrow of hearts and the shedding of  
tears.

No volley they fired, they feared that the crack  
Of a rifle, like blood-hounds that follow the  
track,  
Would bring down the foe, and that not even he  
In his grave would find rest, from their hands  
would be free.  
That lost one now lies 'neath Virginia's green  
turf,  
His soul, like a wave of the ocean's great surf,  
Has found peace at last on the bright golden  
shore,  
Where the acts of the faithful shall shine ever-  
more. -

That hero will sleep till the trumpet's last blow,  
When from land and from water earth's dead  
forth shall go ;

The martyrs, the heroes, the patriots for right,  
Will glory for Christ, and rejoice in the sight  
Of his countenance, so beaming with truth and  
    with love,  
And in tears of rejoicing their eyes raise above  
To Him, who in smiles will proclaim, "I'm thy  
    Lord,  
To inhabit yon heaven is thy Father's reward."

A message was sent to a far Northern home,  
The mother was waiting for news from her son,  
She opened the message and quickly she read :  
"Thy son, he is numbered among the great  
    dead."  
How saddened that mother, how heartrending  
    her tears,  
Yet she conquered her sorrows, her doubts, and  
    her fears,  
For she knew that her son was forever at rest,  
Where no doubts and temptations arise in the  
    breast.

Oh ! comfort her mothers, I call on ye now  
To twine consolation 'round her fast-fading  
    brow ;  
Bring joy, and bring hope, bring the blossoms of  
    peace,  
Let your aims for her comfort through time  
    never cease.  
Remember that she sent forth her son, that he  
    gave  
His breast as a bulwark, our country to save,  
'Twas a blessing to her, for she truthfully knew

That to God, and his land, he had ever proved  
true.

Oh! mothers and sisters throughout the great  
North,

If a son or a brother ye have not sent forth,  
Remember the thousands who are weeping in  
pain

For the loved and the lost ones, who never again  
Shall comfort them, speak to them, but who have  
passed

Through death, for their country, and found  
peace at last.

I pray you, beseech you, endeavor to make  
That path one of flowers, for Jesus Christ's sake.



